





During the Interview of Innette with her Father the Magnie fleats a Silver Spoon



Who was sentence to suffer upon strong circum stantial Contence of stealing various. Articles of Mate, which were afterwards feane to have been



O. Hodgson .





THE

MAID & THE MAGPIE;

CERTS OF THE STATES

ANNETTE OF PALAISEAU:

JUVENILE DRAMA.

ADAPTED TO

HODGSON'S SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

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LONDON:

ORLANDO HODGSON, 10, CLOTH FAIR,

WEST SMITHFIELD.

SIXPENCE.



CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

" ME 2 (11)

MEN

GERRARD, Father of Annette.

FARMER GERVAS, Annette's Master.

BAILLIE, the District Magistrate.

PAPHLION, a Fellow-Servant, in love with Annette.

ISAAC, a travelling Jew.

RICHARD, Son of the Farmer, and betrothed to Annette.

GAOLER.

HERBERT ST. CLAIR, an Officer, & a Friend of Gerrard.

WOMEN.

ANNETTE the Maid of Palaiseau.

DAME GERVAS, Annette's Mustress.

LOND

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ADD HODGSON, DY CLOSE FIRE

THE MAID & THE MAGPIE.

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ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE L

A Farm-yard.—A Cage, with a Magpie, suspended from a Tree.

Enter Papillion, from the Cottage, singing.

Tis in vain that I tease,
For I cannot her please,
And my passion I never can smother;
What a fool Pm to start
In pursuit of a heart
Irrevocably bound to another.

Well, well, Annette is a pretty girl, and I love her; and if she can't love me, I can't hate her; who the devil could!—but here she comes with a hop, skip, and jump, as lively as if she were her own mistress. Tis a sad shame she should be in a menial capacity; but she won't let me elevate her to be bottle-rincer and orange-peeler in co. with myself.

Enter Annette.

Ann. (With glee.) Ah, my friend Papillion, here you are, decorated like a May-flower, or a butterfly in search of sweets.

Pap. I have found them, for all that is sweet is in your person; to me you are the honey of life—the barley-sugar of comfort—the Brazil sugar of delicate whiteness, and the otto of red roses; and I am—your most obedient, humble servant.

Ann. Well spoken, Papillion; you improve very fast in every accomplishment but one; you'll never

be industrious; and I can't bear idleness.

Mag. Papillion, Papillion—idle, idle!

Ann. There, the magpie is mocking you; come, go to work, and leave dancing after me.

Music: -sings.

I have not a heart in my power to dispose, To the wars with my Richard 'tis gone, To shelter his person, to watch his repose; But he will be here anon.

[Runs off.

Mag. Papillion-idle didle!-

Pap. Curse your ugly mug! but I'll twist the neck of you, one day or other! last grape season you spoilt my sport, by calling out Gervas! Gervas! just as I was going to take a drop of the new vintage.—I won't forget you.

Enter Dame GERVAS.

Dame. Hey dey! pretty work! you and the magpie do nothing but talk, like a couple of fools! and there's Annette, for whom you are always fillagreeing your person, cares no more for you than I do for a bad Napoleon. Annette! Annette! sweep out the flourbins—put the dairy in order—take the cream off the large bowls—put hot water into the small ones—roll in a large Parmesan cheese—knead the dough for a spice loaf—skewer the ribs of beef—chop up the cold veal cutlet for the magpie, and then come to me, and I'll tell you what else you have to do in the half hour before our dear Richard comes.

in secret, of sweets.

Pap. Why, Dame, you've given her more to do than ever Buonaparte did the Holy Alliance;—but here I go to set the table in the myrtle arbour ;-and so Master Richard is discharged, and must be a fine fellow!

Dame. Fine! aye, marry, after seven years' service, he is coming home, never to quit us again .-Good lack! at my time of life I want comfort, and where can I look for it, but on the bosom of an affectionate son?-But mind your business, and don't stand there talking like a fool!

[Pushes him out

Enter Gervas, with a Jug in his hand.—Servants rolling a Barrel.

Gervas. Uphead him, then let him stand; we will drain him dry before the morning dawns. I have invited all the village to come and drink a health to my boy Richard, and we must do justice to the wine; it is the elixir of life; in my youth it inspired me with love-in my age it inspires me with the recollection, which is a delicious dream. I have ordered the first fiddlers in the village. Now, Dame, let us have a buss, for the days of auld lang syne. Formerly, Jane, thy lips were like moistened cherries-thine eyes like diamonds, sparkling in liquid quicksilver; but now, -no matter, I love thee as dearly, and better than-(kisses her)-better than ever, for thy son and my son is coming!

Dame. Papillion, you are an idle-

Maq. Papillion an idle boy!

Pap. Hang that there mag! she'll brew some mischief among us yet! I have a mind to twist her neck about, even if you turned me out of doors. Tother day, as I was taking the cure's wine-jar home, I put it to my lips, just to see if the sun had not soured it, for I forgot to put in the cork, when that cursed magpie squeaked out "thieves! thieves!" it brought in my old master, and spoilt my drink.

Gervas. Come, dame, don't forget to get things in

apple-pie order, and don't thee be vexed at trifles.

Dame. Me vex'd! I'm never vex'd; I've the sweetest disposition in the world, and that you married me for: I never put myself out of the way. Papillion, gives him a box on the ear) take that, you lazy barking hound! go and lay the table, or I'll lay my claws about your ears in such style—that, I will!

Gervas. Ah! this is, as the English Shakspeare says, "Patience on a monument grinning at beef," or "smiling at grief," 'tis no matter which: but we must soon have the beef in execution.—But here

comes Annette.

Enter ANNETTE.

Dame. Annette, go about your business, and don't leave me to do every thing! The whole house is in an uproar with your beauty—the chine of beef—your modesty—the roast pig—your pretensions—and Richard's coming:—that's all; so go and do as I bid you. What does the girl stand staring for, as if struck with the perplexities?

Ann. I am thinking of the pleasure you will experience when Richard arrives, covered with glory, decorated with medals—one of the saviours of his country; and I shall shed tears of gratitude when I

see him.

Dame. Thou art a good girl; but go, go, and I wish thou wert a fit match for Richard!—but go, and

see all things in order.

Gervas. I like Annette; her father, George Grenville, was once in as good circumstances as we, and if he be a soldier, 'tis not the girl's fault; and Richard, remember, is his comrade. The pay of a soldier is small—his perils imminent! he stands as the advanced guard of his country's freedom! he is the pride and glory of his nation, and the envy of every dastard foe beneath the canopy of heaven

Dame. This is all very good, and I like Annette; but hang me, you are not too old to have lost every liquorish tooth, and always lean to her so much, I would trust you, Gervas; never out of my sight, and no farther than I could throw a bullock by the tail!

Gervas. Psha! time was—but it is now past; let us walk to the top of the hill and meet Richard, and we'll sit down in the hawthorn bower, where I won your heart, twenty-nine years ago last Whitsuntide.

Enter Annette.

Ann. Did you ring the bell, ma'am 2/

2 8 87 107 h m m 2 1 2

Dame. Yes, child; lay the table, and I will go fetch the plate:—but mind, Annette, a fortnight ago we lost a bran span new silver spoon, so be careful:—I don't blame you, but somebody's to blame.

Ann. I have been much troubled in mind ever since; for, as I was the person entrusted with the

plate, suspicion naturally glanced upon me: A

Gervas. Glanced! yes, like the rays of a sun-beam, the better to illumine the object; and the more you are seen in nature's mirror, the clearer your person and actions appear.

Dame. I want to hear nothing of action, but I must proceed to business: the patties are in the oven. Follow me, Annette, for I am your repudiated

mother.

Gervas. Tis a trifling mistake—she means reputed; and, Annette, I have that affection for you, that I consider you as the child of Providence, placed in my arms for protection, and I will never abandon you.—Yes, I will, if Richard—Ah, you blush!—if Richard—you comprehend—takes you under his wing—then I abandon you!

Ann. But then, I will never abandon thee, for thou hast been to me a second father, to whom my grateful duty is more than due. Madam Gervas scolds me sometimes, but she has a good heart, and would not injure me. Happy in your family, I would

my poor father were so.

Gervas. I know his history; probably I may relieve him from his bondage; but don't fret; I hate fretting upon the eve of my son's arrival. Now all are on the alert, Dame is up to her elbows in puddings, Papillion gaping at the lawn gate for Richard, give me a song.

Ann. With pleasure; I can never refuse so good a friend any thing, though I sing with a heavy heart.

SONG.

Air,-" Oh, Richard, oh my love."

He is coming to see us, with smiles on his face,
The watch word of beauty, companion of grace,
My Richard the world is to me;
Strength lives in his limbs, love beams in his eyes.
My heart and my head he has ta'en by surprise,
But in that surprise we agree.

Enter DAME GERVAS and PAPILLION.

Dame. Here they are !—I have got all the forks and spoons, with the G upon them, that ever were brought forward in our line! here, here! take care of them, Annette; into your care I confide them.

[Exit.

Ann. (Arranges the table). The worthy Mrs. Gervas bids me hope; it is a fallacious foundation to rely upon; Madam does not like me; but I hear my father's regiment will soon be quartered here, and then I shall be happy! Would to God I had more money to send him!—but I have none.

Isaac. (Appearing at the gate). Vat you vant?— Vat you buys? I have all tings that young women

vants. Miss Annette, von't you deal?

Ann. No, not to-day; I have not any thing to spare.

Isaac. You may have in de day's journey somewhat, and I am in de village.

Enter RICHARD, ecompanied by Papillion, and aountry People.

[Annette and Richard rush into each other's arms.

Ann. Oh, Richard! and do l behold thee once more?—the same—but ah, how improved in size, in looks!—

Richard. My looks never can get an improvement, but from Annette's smile, for that's my future beacon

of glory.

Ann. Ah, Richard! now you are come, we shall

all be happy!

Pap. And we are all determined to be happy.— Master Richard, your hand. Lord, you have as many medals on your bosom, as there are loves on Annette's! I can scarce speak for joy; so l'll sing a song to encrease my power of breathing.

SONG.

" Now the furious battle rages."

From the thunder of war, from the strife of the field,
From the dark scenes of death, and of danger,
We welcome our safeguard, our stay, and our shield,
The bold, and the free-hearted stranger.

He comes, bright array'd in honour's proud vest,
Affectation 1'll never pursue;
The form of my Richard 1'll press to my breast,
And he will return it so true.

Enter a variety of company, and a dance commences.

Lightly, gaily, on we go, On the light fantastic toe; Dancing makes the heart quite gay, Therefore, dance, and sport away.

Richard. Maria, I have never forgotten you:—On the victorious plains of Marengo, when glory stood tiptoe on honour's proud crest—in the humiliating field of Talavera, when the eagle of France flapp'd

her wings, and fled in despair—your image never fled from my breast; it is a sacred relic, that has guarded me through the rage of war and tumult, and has guided me to the haven of peace and love.

Enter DAME GERVAS.

Dame. Come, Annette, bustle about!—that's Dick's favourite dish—this he used to like: why, he has made me ten years younger! Here he comes—I must have another kiss!—My dear, dear son! (kisses him repeatedly,) how glad I am to see you! Come, sit down. Father, you take the head of the table, Richard shall sit by me, for I won't lose him.

Gervas. And Annette, sit you down by the side of Richard, I know it will be agreeable; wife frowns, but she'll soon smile, when she becomes a grand-mother. (Here all engage in eating and drinking.) Now let us adjourn to the chesnut-tree shade, where we'll have a dance, and Richard and Annette shall

lead off.

Dame. No, age before youth; you and I will lead the van; what a-pox do you think I have no mettle in my limbs? and then Richard and Annette may follow—a good example.

[Execut omnes.]

Enter GERRARD, in disguise.

Ann. Now let me count the plate: I must take care, or I'll have my mistress again about my ears. I know not why I love Richard, but this I know, that I do love him; he has been fighting for his country, and has gained much glory. Can glory contribute to a villager's happiness? No, certainly not; glory's a feather, wafted about by the gale of ambition—I hope Richard will never catch it.

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. (Cautiously.) Surely, this is the house of the henevolent farmer, who shelters my child from the

the storms of adversity that whistle round the head of innocence.- Tis silence all around, and I'll pro-

ceed.

Ann. One, two-dozen; all right-not a spoon mislaid! I hate having any thing to do with this silver plate! Madame Gervas prizes it as the apple of her eye, and if any thing is missing, poor Annette comes in for the blame.

[Gerrard opens his mantle, and discovers himself to Annette.

Ann. (Falling into his arms.) My father! Oh, my father!

Ger. Speak low-I am, indeed, thy father! My child, in what a state do I see thee now! there is no time to give way to paternal tenderness. I had the fortune to be promoted to the rank of an officer in the Legion of Honour: in an evil hour I struck my commander, and had to fly the consequences, which are death!

Ann. My God! my God! protect him!

Ger. He will, my child; for on the radiant day when time was born, and the bright eye of glory look'd merciful around, he call'd the angel of forgiveness to attend him. Mark all his ways, and stamp his acts with justice.

Ann. Here comes the baillie, to pester me with his love! Sit down, father, and be composed; say not a

word.

Enter the BAILLIE.

Bail. Ah, my dear little tittup, nave you considered my proposals? They are those of a gentleman, and

you must acquiesce.

Ann. But, sir, I won't acquiesce; my only wish is to go innocent to the grave, and you, sit, are so old, that I wonder you don't think of the world to come!

Bail. I think of your friends; they have foiled me

in a law-suit, and I am minus twenty thousand francs: but I will be frank with you; come and keep my house, and you shall keep all my treasure.

Ann. Begone, sir! love in the mouth of an old man is disgusting; and, for my own part, I have none to spare—it is all given away, and you must go to a more plentiful market;—you are not nice in your choice!

Bail. (Holding a packet in his hand.) I have no time now to chatter, for I must run and set all my men after a deserter, who has shot his colonel, poisoned a whole company, and swallowed up the military chest.—So, good bye, duckling! good bye, darling!

Ann. And God send you may never return !-

Father!

Ger. My child, I have no money to support me; thou, I know, hast none; take this spoon, 'tis of silver, and the last initials I have so long carried in remembrance of thy deserving mother—sell it, and give me the produce; leave it upon the flat stone over the ruins of St. Mary's tomb, there I will receive it. I cannot go myself, or I should be discovered in daylight. I may gain the frontiers, and brighter hopes, and happier days, will dawn upon us both!

Ann. He is gone, and with him all my happiness, and I must endeavour to make him secure. Oh, very apropos—here comes Isaac, and he will buy it of me.

Lasimen 67. Enter Isaac.

Isaac. Vat you vant, or vat you buy, or vat you vant to sell? it is all the same vit me, Miss Annette.

Ann. Here, then, Isaac, what will you give me for a spoon?

Isaac. It is not very good silver, but you shall have sixteen shillings.

Ann. Take it:—and now I can serve my father! (Receives and puts the money in her pocket.) I am not easy in doing these things; but what would not a child do for the salvation of a beloved parent?

SONG.

The springs of affection are strong, They are not to be broke in a minute; They are right, and can never be wrong, Unless that the devil is in it.

The locks which o'ershadow the brow Of the cold wrinkled forehead of age, Are a tribute to nature, so true, That, with youth, they enliven the page.

[As they retire, the Magpie hops from his cage, and, picking up a silver spoon, flies to his nest.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Farmer's House. The Magne in a Cage.
Annette discovered. The Clock strikes Five.

Enter Papillion.

Pap. Why, what dealings have you had with that Israelite? he is a consummate rogue.

Ann. Why, I wanted a little money, and so I sold

him what was of no use to me.

Pap. And why did not you ask me? I have money which I don't want, and my purse is always open to your hand. I know you can't love me—never mind, I love you, and I will do you all the good I can, and even dance at your marriage with Richard (speaking low), though I'd sooner dance over his grave!

Ann. Thanks, my dear and worthy friend, and

adieu!

Pap. Thanks and adieu! Tis a very thankless office I have performed for the last two years, when I have in return, thanks and adieu for my pains!—but I'll never forget her, hang me if I do!

Enter FARMER and DAME GERVAS.

Dame. Lord! the room's all in a pickle! and you, Annette, look seven ways for Sunday! you must be very much fatigued!—but here comes son Richard, and what can be done?

Gervas. Nothing; you and I have left doing, many years ago, so we must leave it to the young folks.

[Exit DAME

2 to a large the niver entroy and from Enter Richard.

Richard. Here I am, my levely girl, and the time is closing fast upon us, when we shall be two in one.

Ann. I have fears, Richard; they may be the fears created by credulity, but to have the happiness of being your bride, seems to me as a vision; I am poor and friendless, your parents are rich and powerful.

Richard. But they'll love and esteem you; and if my mother frowns, it is only a habit: her countenance is not the index of her mind: and she would even sacrifice her own happiness to secure mine.

Ann. I have the household duties to attend; go and we will meet again.

Richard. God bless thee, and remember me!

Enter Dame Gervas

Dame. Why, Annette, Annette! as sure as 1 am alive, there is another silver spoon gone! here is only eleven out of the twelve! Do you know any thing Ester Date in, no the gire of the two

Ann. No, indeed, ma'am!

Dame. It is strange, indeed, that you should not! so I'll call for the Baillie, and have you examined, in spite of your mock modesty charms, and all that!

Enter the BAILLIE, and Officers. He takes his Seat. ก กลักคลา ข้อง สำรับชาลักส์! ได้เรี

Dame. I give you charge of this young woman; she is suspected of being suspicious, and has robbed me of a silver spoon.

Bail. Good: Annette has robbed her mistress of a

silver spoon; put it down-it is quite enough-the evidence is conclusive-make out the mittimus, and you, and you'll both a or the distribution bus, now

Richard. I don't like the idea of sending this young woman to prison; could not bail be taken?

Bail. No, none; she has committed a robbery,

and must be hanged.

Gervas. Tis very odd, to be sure! Annette has charge of the plate; and two spoons to travel is to me rather incomprehensible.

Enter Constables.

Con. Come, my young lady, you must go with us — sorry, for the job, but must do our duty.

Enter a Servant, in haste.

Serv. Very good; the court is sitting, and you will at once be put upon your trial.

Pap. It is very hard! She knows no more of it than

of the Georgian Seas.

Enter BAILLIE, and takes his Seat.

Curo fa stell

Bail. Examine the prisoner—I mean, search her

pockets.

Ann. I have some money, sir, but it is devoted to a particular purpose; pray spare that, and I will thank you.

Bail. Thank me! There was a time when I would have been glad of your thanks; but, 'tis over!—you

are done for ever!

Pap. Stop a moment, sir; you are a saucy old

rogue!

Dame: Hush, hush! not a word! if you fly in the face of justice, justice, right or wrong, will overtake you, and you'll both go to the devil together. His

honour is, perhaps, right, and, at any rate, in his place, he has no right to be wrong.

Mag. Wrong! wrong!

Gervas. Mag will speak, and, in my opinion, for

once speaks right.

Bail. Take her to prison, and let her be carefully attended to; give her bread in a mahogany platter, and water in a painted jug! I like to be kind to persons I know, and once had an esteem for.

Richard. Yes, sir, you are more than kind; and I must be less than man, if I didn't oppose such a

flagrant violation of justice.

Bail. Take her away, and do as I have said!

[The Constables hesitate to remove Annette, and all for a time remain still.

Ann. Ah, sir, you have reasons for acting as you do! humanity has not any thing to say in the case: had I been the guilty creature you so ardently wish'd to make me, in private, then I should not stand here as a public criminal. I have reasons for being silent and—

Bail. Aye, no doubt you have your reasons; (aside.) and I have my reasons why you ought to be hanged, if possible.—I am quite shocked to see so much youthful depravity—so great hardness of heart and

countenance.

Dame. I don't know what your honour calls hardness of heart in a poor young girl, but it is not becoming in a man who sits in a life and death case to be so severe:—to be sure, I may say, that I did charge the girl, but then I could not help it—and you made me—and so forth.

Gervas. The time is past, dame, for reflections;

the dear girl is committed, and will be executed.

Richard. Executed! God forbid! the case looks dark; but remember, Master Baillie, that the most

bril iant sky may be overcast with clouds, yet, when they are removed, it shines with redoubled splendour! and also recollect, sir, that the mantle which decorates the person who represents justice, is, not unfre-

quently, a covering for a rogue.

Ann. Hold your tongue, Richard, it is vain to speak; I am ruined in reputation, and have not the power to vindicate myself; but the man who thus oppresses me will soon want a friend, when I have no occasion—but from Him who is the friend of all living, and the everlasting protector of innocence.—They may bear me from hence to a prison; I am ready to go; and the gloom of a dungeon may serve to enlighten my mind; in the depth of reflection I may be a better girl, even though I have no crime to repent of: the one that I am charged with is so revolting to my nature, that even I can scarcely eredit my senses, when I find myself marked as a victum for immolation.

Richard. Dearest Maria! can I believe thee guilty; no—never! and yet I must doubt: circumstances are so strange!—why cannot you explain and satisfy—at least me, whose existence is wrapp'd up in yours?

Ann. I neither can, or ever will, explain, why I am placed in this sad predicament: God above

knows, and to him I resign myself totally.

Bail. Not quite; for I have got a hold upon you, which I will not let go in a hurry. (Aside.) I'll be own upon you, for rejecting my honourable offers, and make your family repent getting the better of me in the law-suit.

Constables. Come, come, we must do our duty,

and have no time to spend in palaver.

Ann. Our time is short, and all our days are num-

bered. I am ready to attend you.

Enter a Stranger, in a Cloak, who listens

Annette sings.

Air .- " Oh, Richard! oh, my love!"

Oh, Richard, before I depart, oh, accept My last, my affectionate, solemn adieu! Would to God that we never had parted, or met, Or never had loved, so sincerely and true!

In innocence robed, with a heart free from blame, I go to the dungeon's dark gloom; The blight that, at present, has fix'd on my frame, Will glory shed over my tomb.

Then think on me, Richard, when low 1 am laid,
My last breath, oh, it shall pray for you!
And never corget thy Annette, the maid,
So faithful, so virtuous, and true!

Bail. Now, gentlemen, do your duty; I have done mine, and I am sorry for it; but I can't help it; and

I am sure if I could, I would.

Pap. I know one thing, Master Baillie, you are no great things; and I say it with pleasure, although I say it that should not say it, but will say it, and don't care a rush what I says when I do say it.—But I's off, and will be down upon you very soon.

[Runs off.

Stranger. Pray, sir, permit me to ask as a favour, if there be no remedy to avert the fate of this young woman going to prison? can I, sir, as a stranger,

presume-

Bail. You presume a great deal too much, and I don't know what business you have here; but I presume you are no great things, or you would not interest yourself for a young woman, who, to say the least, has stolen a spoon, and will be hanged for it.

Stranger. I am satisfied, that it is vain to apply to you; and I have no means of application to any other

power: in truth, I have no more to say-adieu!

Exit.

Ann. (Aside, and in a whisper.) Good Heavens! it is my father! and should he be taken, I shall die a double death! but he is gone, and now I am ready to go to prison, or death! so lead on,

[Exit, attended by Constables. Richard. (following) There goes innocence! and I'll follow her even to the grave! where the green sod shall be my pillow, whereon to lay down my head

and die!

Dame. She's innocent! and I am so very sorry!

Bail. Hang sorrow! it is of no use; and the wench merits public execution, which she shall have, and

that quickly.

Gervas. Ah, you are very kind, and we are aware of your motives: take care! you may go a step too far! and remember, never to forget, that I am your enemy!

SCENE II

A Room in the Prison.

Annette, surrounded by Turnkeys, &c.

Ann. This is a strange, and a dark and dreary place; it casts a gloom on my mind, that gives me the appearance of guilt.

Gaoler. Bear up, my poor girl; you are probably innocent; and I will do all I can to make you happy

for the short time you have to live.

Ann. That is very good; and I am very much indebted to you, though it may be for a short time.

Gaoler. Our time is, indeed, very short, and yours, my good woman, seems to have reached its twilight.

Ann. My day is near a close; my sun will soon set in night; and you can do nothing for me.

7 . TOO! E .) Enter RICHARD, BAILLIE, GERVAS, and DAME GERVAS.

Bail. What is the reason this girl is not conducted to her dungeon? I hate to do things by halves: justice must have its course, and the law is the law.

> I act only now by the power, it is true, Conferred upon me by the law; To the devil, and to justice, I always give due, And never will stand on a flaw.

A flaw means a crack, and that may mean me; For I am the first in the land To do as I will, that is, rough and free, Any thing that I like out of hand.

I'm a prime bang-up fellow, and home to the mark, Of justice I never will fail ye; I consume maids and magpies by a natural spark, For of Palaiseau I am the Baillie.

So plunge madam down three fathom deep, and let her be brought to a state of repentance before she perishes! I'll hear no more interested witnesses in her favour; I am disinterested myself, and care not a fig for the law, except it is laid down by myself .-Who the devil comes here in such a hurry?

Enter Papillion, dragging in the Jew.

Pap. Here is the fellow that can tell us the truth. and I'll choak him, to make him speak!

Isaac. Why, here is de spoon, it is marked wid a G, and de young lady sold him to me.

Dame. Never saw it in my life, as I'm a living soul!

Isaac. I gave shixteen shillings for it, and dat is all true.

Bail. Very good: let the Jew go; but the young woman must be hanged.

Isaac. Sir, I am but a poor Jew—an isolated being, over whom the law casts reproach, where it is not due. I stand alone— I have none to protect me; but, sir, I have heard this cause, and am convinced the young woman implicated has no more to do with the robbery, than I have to do with my forefathers, the prophets.

Bail. We don't care for your thoughts: he is a Jew

and we can't believe him. Sir, begone!

Isaac. I go, sir; but remember, that a time will come, when you will stand at a tribunal, where the paltry distinctions of Jew and Gentile will never be known, and favour can have no place.

[Exit.

Bail. I hate Jews, they are always so impudent! and yet they often tell truth: that's very odd—when they are not paid for it! but there's no accounting

for prejudices.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

MC Latter 1 ...

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE,

A Prison. - Annette sings.

Harsh the gates sound on their hinges, Darkness wraps this solemn cell; Nature at its exit twinges, Pangs are short, all will be well.

Wreaths of virtue crown my forehead, Future times will render due Praise to her that lived and died, As the maid of Palaiseau.

Enter SAINT CLAIR.

St. Clair. It is long since I have trod those scenes endeared to me by early habits. They say a woman is to be executed: I'll go and see it. And here I lay down my belt and sword: they are not materials for a court of civil justice. But mark! by all that's very curious, the magpie has stolen my star! if I did not like to wear it, I don't want to lose it.

Enter Papillion.

Pap. Sir, your honour—
St. Clair. Rot your honour!—run up to the belfry, and bring me down my diamonds.—I'll reward you.

[Papillion runs up and pops his head out of the loop-hole, bawling, "Annette is innocent!—as innocent as myself!"

St. Clair. Give me the proofs immediately!

Pap. Why these!—and these!—and these! Two silver spoons, marked G, and two-and-twenty other things, I can't number.

[RICHARD, who had been leaning dejected against the Wall, rushes forward.

Richard. Is it so? then I am in raptures! Bring forth Annette! (She appears, languid and pale.) The Magpie, my dear girl, has been the real thief! tho art exonerated!—and wilt thou come to my arms?

Ann. On thee, and thee alone, I rely for protection!

Richard. And thou never shalt want it! And thou,
cursed magpie!—no, live; and, in our playful mo-

ments, we'll teach thee better manners.

[At the Conclusion enter Gervas, Dame, and all the other Characters, who embrace Annette, as the Curtain falls.

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